

AN
ESSAY
ON
CRITICISM.

Written by Mr. POPE.

— *Si quid novisti rectius istis,
Candidus imperti; si non, his utere mecum.*
HORAT.

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A N
E S S A Y
O N
C R I T I C I S M.

TIS hard to say, if greater want of Skill
Appear in Writing or in Judging ill.
But of the two, less dang'rous is th'of-
fence,

To tire our Patience, than mis-lead our Sense;
Some few in that, but numbers err in this,
Ten Censure wrong for one who Writes amiss.
A Fool might once himself alone expose,
Now one in Verse makes many more in Prose.

'Tis with our Judgments as our Watches, none
Go just alike, yet each believes his own.
In Poets as true Genius is but rare,
True Taste as seldom is the Critick's share;
Both must alike from Heav'n derive their light,
These born to Judge, as well as those to Write.
† Let such teach others who themselves excell,
And censure freely who have written well.
Authors are partial to their Wit, 'tis true,

A 2

But

† *Qui scribit artificiosè, ab aliis commodè scripta facila intel-
ligere poterit. Cic. ad Heren. Lib. 4.*

But are not Criticks to their Judgment too?

Yet if we look more closely, we shall find
 * Most have the Seeds of Judgment in their mind
 Nature affords at least a glimm'ring light;
 The Lines, tho'touch'd but faintly, are drawn right.
 But as the slightest sketch, if justly trac'd,
 Is by ill colouring but the more disgrac'd,
 So by false Learning is good Sense defac'd.
 Some are bewilder'd in the Maze of Schools,
 And some made Coxcombs Nature meant but Fools.
 In search of Wit these lose their common Sense,
 And then turn Criticks in their own defence;
 Those hate as Rivals all that write; and others
 But envy Wits, as Eunuchs envy Lovers.
 All Fools have still an itching to deride,
 And fain wou'd be upon the laughing side:
 If *Mævius* scribble in *Apollo's* spight,
 There are who judge still worse than he can write.

Some have at first for Wits, then Poets pass,
 Turn'd Criticks next, and prov'd plain Fools at last.
 Some neither can for Wits nor Criticks pass,
 As heavy Mules are neither Horse nor Ass.
 Those half-learn'd Witlings, num'rous in our Isle,
 As half-form'd Insects on the banks of *Nile*;
 Unfinish'd things, one knows not what to call,
 Their Generation's so equivocal:
 To tell'em, wou'd a hundred tongues require,
 Or one vain Wit's, that might a hundred tire.

But you who seek to give and merit Fame,
 And justly bear a Critick's noble Name,
 Be sure your self and your own Reach to know,
 How.

* *Omnes, tacito quodam sensu, sine ulla arte, aut ratione
 qua sint in artibus ac rationibus recta ac prava dijudicant*
Cic. de Orat. lib. 3.

C R I T I C I S M.

How far your Genius, Taste, and Learning go;
 Launch not beyond your depth, but be discreet,
 And mark that point where Sense and Dulness meet.
 Nature to all things fix'd the limits fit,
 And wisely curb'd proud Man's pretending Wit.
 As on the Land while here the Ocean gains,
 In other parts it leaves wide sandy Plains;
 Thus in the Soul while Memory prevails,
 The solid pow'r of Understanding fails;
 Where beams of warm Imagination play,
 The Memory's soft figures melt away.
 One Science only will one Genius fit;
 So vast is Art, so narrow human Wit:
 Not only bounded to peculiar Arts,
 But oft in those, confin'd to single parts.
 Like Kings we lose the Conquests gain'd before,
 By vain Ambition still t'extend them more.
 Each might his sev'ral Province well command,
 Wou'd all but stoop to what they understand.

First follow N A T U R E, and your Judgment frame
 By her just Standard, which is still the same:
 Unerring Nature, still divinely bright,
 One clear, unchang'd, and universal Light,
 Life, Force, and Beauty, must to all impart,
 At once the Source, and End, and Test of Art.
 That Art is best which most resembles Her;
 Which still presides, yet never does appear:
 In some fair Body thus the sprightly Soul
 With spirits feeds, with vigour fills the whole,
 Each motion guides, and ev'ry nerve sustains;
 It self unseen, but in th' effects, remains.
 There are whom Heav'n has blest with store of Wit,
 Yet want as much again to manage it:
 For Wit and Judgment ever are at strife,
 Tho' meant each other's Aid, like Man and Wife.
 'Tis more to guide, than spur, the Muse's Steed,

Restrain his Fury, than provoke his Speed;
The winged Courser, like a gen'rous Horse,
Shows most true mettle when you check his course.

Those RULES of old discover'd, not devis'd,
Are Nature still, but Nature methodiz'd:
Nature, like Monarchy, is but restrain'd
By the same Laws which first herself ordain'd.

First learned *Greece* just Precepts did indite,
When to repress, and when indulge our Flight.
High on *Parnassus*' top her Sons she show'd,
And pointed out those arduous Paths they trod;
Held from afar, aloft, th' immortal Prize,
And urg'd the rest by equal steps to rise.
From great Examples useful Rules were giv'n;
She drew from them what they deriv'd from Heav'n.
The gen'rous Critick fann'd the Poet's Fire,
And taught the World, with reason to Admire.
Then Criticism the Muses Handmaid prov'd,
To dress her Charms, and make her more belov'd:
But following Wits from that Intention stray'd;
Who could not win the Mistress, woo'd the Maid, }
Set up themselves, and drove a sep'rate trade;
Against the Poets their own Arms they turn'd,
Sure to hate most the men from whom they learn'd.
So modern Potheccaries, taught the Art
By Doctors Bills to play the Doctor's part,
Bold in the practice of mistaken Rules,
Prescribe, apply, and call their Masters Fools.
Some on the leaves of ancient Authors prey,
Nor Time nor Moths e'er spoil'd so much as they.
Some dryly plain, without Invention's aid,
Write dull Receipts how Poems may be made.
These lost the sense, their learning to display,
And those explain'd the meaning quite away.

You

You then whose Judgment the right course wou'd
steer,

Know well each ANCIENT's proper Character ;
His Fable, Subject, Scope in ev'ry page ;
Religion, Country, Genius of his Age :
Without all these at once before your eyes,
Cavil you may, but never Criticize.
Be HOMER's Works your study, and delight,
Read them by day, and meditate by night ; [bring,
Thence form your Judgment, thence your notions
And trace the Muses upward to their spring.
Still with it self compar'd, his Text peruse ;
And let your Comment be the *Mantuan* Muse.

* When first young MARO sung of Kings and Wars,
Ere warning *Phæbus* touch'd his trembling Ears,
Perhaps he seem'd above the Critick's Law,
And but from Nature's Fountains scorn'd to draw :
But when t' examine ev'ry part he came,
Nature and HOMER were, he found, the same :
Convinc'd, amaz'd, he checkt the bold design,
And did his Work to Rules as strict confine, }
As if the *Stagyrite* o'erlook'd each line.
Learn hence for Ancient Rules a just esteem ;
To copy Nature is to copy them.

Some Beauties yet, no Precepts can declare,
For there's a Happiness as well as Care.
Musick resembles Poetry, in each
Are nameless Graces which no Methods teach, }
And which a Master-Hand alone can reach.

† If, where the Rules not far enough extend,

A 4

(Since

* Virgil. *Eclog.* Cum canerem Reges & Prælia, Cynthus
aurem Vellit.-----

† Neque tam sancta sunt ista Præcepta, sed hoc quicquid est,
Utilitas excogitavit ; Non negabo autem sic utile esse plerumque ;
verum si eadem illa nobis aliud suadebis utilitas, hanc, relictis
magistrorum autoritatibus, sequemur. Quintil. l. 2. cap. 13.

(Since Rules were made but to promote their end)
 Some lucky LICENCE answers to the full
 Th' intent propos'd, that Licence is a Rule.
 Thus *Pegasus*, a nearer way to take,
 May boldly deviate from the common Track.
 Great Wits sometimes may gloriously offend,
 And rise to Faults true Criticks dare not mend;
 From vulgar bounds with brave Disorder part,
 And snatch a Grace beyond the reach of Art,
 Which, without passing thro' the Judgment, gains
 The Heart, and all its end at once attains.
 In Prospects, thus, some Objects please our Eyes,
 Which out of Nature's common order rise,
 The shapeless Rock, or hanging Precipice.
 But Care in Poetry must still be had,
 It asks discretion ev'n in running mad:
 And tho' the Ancients thus their Rules invade,
 (As Kings dispense with Laws themselves have made)
 Moderns beware! Or if you must offend
 Against the Precept, ne'er transgress its End;
 Let it be seldom; and compell'd by Need;
 And have, at least, their Precedent to plead.
 The Critick else proceeds without remorse,
 Seizes your Fame, and puts his Laws in force.

I know there are, to whose presumptuous thoughts
 Those freer Beauties, ev'n in them, seem Faults.
 Some Figures monstrous and mis-shap'd appear,
 Consider'd singly, or beheld too near,
 Which, but proportion'd to their light, or place,
 Due distance reconciles to Form and Grace.
 A prudent Chief not always must display
 His Pow'rs in equal ranks, and fair array,
 But with th' Occasion and the Place comply,
 Conceal his force, nay seem sometimes to fly.
 Those oft are Stratagems which Errors seem,
 Nor is it HOMER Nods, but we that Dream.

Still

Still green with Bays each ancient Altar stands,
 Above the reach of Sacrilegious hands;
 Secure from Flames, from Envy's fiercer rage,
 Destructive War, and all-devouring Age.
 See, from each Clime the Learn'd their Incense bring;
 Hear, in all Tongues consenting *Pæans* ring!
 In praise so just, let ev'ry voice be join'd,
 And fill the gen'ral Chorus of Mankind!
 Hail Bards Triumphant! born in happier days;
 Immortal Heirs of Universal Praise!
 Whose Honours with increase of Ages grow,
 As Streams roll down, enlarging as they flow!
 Nations unborn your mighty Names shall sound,
 And Worlds applaud that must not yet be found!
 Oh may some Spark of your Cœlestial Fire,
 The last, the meanest of your Sons inspire,
 (That on weak wings, from far, pursues your Flights;
 Glows while he reads, but trembles as he writes)
 To teach vain Wits a Science little known,
 T'admire superior Sense, and doubt their own!

Of all the Causes which conspire to blind
 Man's erring Judgment, and misguide the Mind,
 What the weak Head with strongest byas rules,
 Is *Pride*, the never-failing Vice of Fools.
 Whatever Nature has in Worth deny'd,
 She gives in large Recruits of needful *Pride*:
 For as in Bodies, thus in Souls, we find
 What wants in Blood and Spirits, swell'd with Wind;
Pride, where Wit fails, steps in to our defence,
 And fills up all the mighty Void of Sense.
 If once right Reason drives that Cloud away,
 Truth breaks upon us with resistless Day.
 Trust not your self; but your Defects to know,
 Make use of ev'ry Friend ---- and ev'ry Foe.

A little Learning is a dang'rous thing;

A 5

Drink

Drink deep, or taste not the *Pierian* Spring.
 There shallow draughts intoxicate the Brain,
 And drinking largely sobers us again.
 Fir'd with the Charms fair Science does impart,
 In fearless Youth we tempt the Heights of Art,
 While from the bounded Level of our Mind,
 Short Views we take, nor see the Lengths behind;
 But more advanc'd, behold with strange surprize
 New, distant Scenes of endless Science rise!
 So pleas'd at first the tow'ring *Alps* we try,
 Mount o'er the Vales, and seem to tread the Sky,
 Th' Eternal Snows appear already past,
 And the first Clouds and Mountains seem the last:
 But those attain'd, we tremble to survey
 The growing labours of the lengthen'd Way,
 Th' increasing Prospect tires our wandering Eyes,
 Hills peep o'er Hills, and *Alps* on *Alps* arise!

* A perfect Judge will read each Work of Wit
 With the same Spirit that its Author writ;
 Survey the *Whole*, nor seek slight Faults to find,
 Where Nature moves, and Rapture warms the Mind;
 Nor lose, for that malignant dull Delight,
 The gen'rous Pleasure to be charm'd with Wit.
 But in such Lays as neither ebb, nor flow,
 Correctly cold, and regularly low,
 That shunning Faults, one quiet tenour keep;
 We cannot blame indeed ---- but we may sleep.
 In Wit, as Nature, what affects our Hearts
 Is not th' Exactness of peculiar Parts;
 'Tis not a Lip, or Eye, we Beauty call,
 But the joint Force and full Result of all.
 Thus when we view some well proportion'd Dome,
 { The World's just Wonder, and ev'n thine, O *Rome*! }
 No

* *Diligenter legendum est, ac pæne ad scribendi sollicitudinem: Nec per partes modo scrutanda sunt omnia, sed perlectus liber utique ex Integro resumendus. Quintilian.*

No single Parts unequally surprize;
 All comes united to th' admiring Eyes;
 No monstrous Height, or Breadth, or Length appear;
 The Whole at once is Bold, and Regular.

Whoever thinks a faultless Piece to see,
 Thinks what ne'er was, nor is, nor e'er shall be.
 In ev'ry Work regard the Writer's End,
 Since none can compass more than they intend;
 And if the Means be just, the Conduct true,
 Applause, in spite of trivial Faults, is due.
 As Men of Breeding, oft the Men of Wit
 T'avoid great Errors, must the less commit,
 Neglect the Rules each Verbal Critick lays,
 For not to know some Trifles, is a Praise.
 Most Criticks fond of some subservient Art,
 Still make the Whole depend upon a Part,
 They talk of Principles, but Parts they prize,
 And All to one lov'd Folly Sacrifice.

Once on a time, *La Mancha's Knight*, they say,
 A certain Bard encountring on the way,
 Discours'd in Terms as just, with Looks as Sage,
 As e'er cou'd *Dennis* of the Laws o'th' Stage;
 Concluding all were desp'rate Sots and Fools,
 That durst depart from *Aristotle's* Rules.
 Our Author, happy in a Judge so nice,
 Produc'd his Play, and beg'd the Knight's advice;
 Made him observe the Subject and the Plot,
 The Manners, Passions, Unities, what not?
 All which, exact to Rule were brought about,
 Were but a Combate in the Lists left out.
What! Leave the Combate out? Exclaims the Knight;
 Yes, or we must renounce the *Stagyrite*.
Not so by Heav'n (he answers in a Rage)
Knights, Squires, and Steeds, must enter on the Stage,
The Stage can ne'er so vast a throng contain.
Then build a New, or act it in a plain.

Thus

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The Stage can ne'er so vast a throng contain.
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Thus

Thus Criticks, of less Judgment than Caprice.
Curious, not Knowing; not exact, but nice;
Form short Ideas; and offend in Arts
(As most in Manners) by a love to *Parts*.

Some to *Conceit* alone their Taste confine,
And glitt'ring Thoughts struck out at ev'ry Line;
Pleas'd with a Work where nothing's just or fit;
One glaring Chaos and wild heap of Wit.
Poets like Painters, thus, unskill'd to trace
The naked Nature and the living Grace,
With Gold and Jewels cover ev'ry part,
And hide with Ornaments their want of Art.
† True Wit is Nature to advantage drest.
What oft was thought, but ne'er so well exprest;
Something, whose truth convinc'd at sight we find,
That gives us back the Image of our Mind.
As Shades more sweetly recommend the Light,
So modest Plainness sets off sprightly Wit:
For Works may have more Wit than does 'em good,
As Bodies perish through excess of Blood,

Others for *Language* all their care express,
And value Books, as Women Men, for Dress:
Their praise is still. . . . The Style is excellent:
The Sense, they humbly take upon content.
Words are like Leaves; and where they most abound,
Much Fruit of Sense beneath is rarely found.
False Eloquence, like the Prismatic Glass,
Its gawdy Colours spreads on ev'ry place;
The Face of Nature we no more survey;
All glares alike, without distinction gay:
But true Expression, like th'unchanging Sun,
Clears, and improves whate'er it shines upon,
It gilds all objects, but it alters none.

Ex-

† *Naturam intueamur, hanc sequamur; Id facillimè accipiunt animi quod agnoscunt.* Quintil. lib. 8. c. 3.

Expression is the Dress of Thought, and still
 Appears more decent as more suitable;
 A vile Conceit in pompous Words express,
 Is like a Clown in regal Purple dress:
 For different Styles with different Subjects sort,
 As several Garbs with Country Town and Court.
 * Some by Old Words to Fame have made pretence!
 Ancients in Phrase, meer Moderns in their Sense;
 Such labour'd Nothings, in so strange a Style,
 Amaze th'unlearn'd, and make the Learned smile.
 Unlucky, as *Fungoso* in the † Play,
 These Sparks with aukward Vanity display
 What the Fine Gentlemen wore yesterday;
 And but so mimick ancient Wits at best,
 As Apes our Grandfathers, in their Doublets dress.
 In Words, as Fashions, the same Rule will hold;
 Alike Fantastick, if too New, or Old;
 Be not the first by whom the New are try'd,
 Nor yet the last to lay the Old aside,

† But most by Numbers judge a Poet's Song.
 And smooth or rough with such, is right or wrong;
 In the bright Muse tho'thousand Charms conspire,
 Her Voice is all these tuneful Fools admire,
 Who haunt *Parnassus* but to please their Ear,
 Not mend their Minds: as some to Church repair,
 Not for the Doctrine, but the Musick there.

These

* *Abolita et abrogata retinere, insolentia cujusdam est, et frivola in parvis jactantia* Quint. lib. 1. c. 6.

Opus est ut Verba a vetustate repetita neque crebra sint, neque manifesta, quia nil est odiosius affectatione, nec uique ab ultimis repetita temporibus. Oratio, cujus summa virtus est perspicuitas, quam sit vitiosa si egeat interprete? Ergo ut novorum optima erunt maxime vetera, ita veterum maxime nova. Idem

† Ben Johnson's *Every Man in his Humour*.

‡ *Quis populi sermo est? quis enim? nisi carmine molli, Nuncdemum numero fluere, ut per lave severos, Effudit junctura ungues: scit tendere versum, Non secus ac si oculo rubricam dirigat uno. Persius, Sat.*

These Equal Syllables alone require?

* Tho' oft the Ear the open Vowels tire;
 While Expletives their feeble aid do join;
 And ten low Words oft creep in one dull Line,
 While they ring round the same unvary'd Chimes,
 With sure Returns of still-expected Rhymes.
 Where-e'er you find *the cooling Western Breeze*,
 In the next Line, it *whispers thro' the Trees*;
 If Chrystal Streams with *pleasing Murmurs creep*,
 The Reader's threaten'd (not in vain) with *Sleep*.
 Then, at the last, and only Couplet fraught,
 With some unmeaning thing they call a Thought
 A needless *Alexandrine* ends the Song, [long.
 That like a wounded Snake, drags its slow length a-
 Leave such to tune their own dull Rhimes, and know
 What's roundly smooth, or languishingly flow;
 And praise the easie Vigor of a Line, [join.
 Where DENHAM's Strength, and WALLER's Sweetness
 'Tis not enough no Harshness gives offence,
 The Sound must seem an Echo to the Sense.
 Soft is the Strain when *Zephyr* gently blows,
 And the smooth Stream in smoother Numbers flows;
 But when loud Surges lash the sounding Shore,
 The hoarse, rough Verse shou'd like the Torrent roar.
 When *Ajax* strives some Rock's vast weight to throw,
 The Line too labours, and the Words move slow;
 Not so, when swift *Camilla* scours the Plain,
 Flies o'er th'unbending Corn, and skims along the
 Hear how † *Timotheus*' various Lays surprize, [Main.
 And bid Alternate Passions fall and rise!
 While, at each change, the Son of *Lybian Jove*
 Now burns with Glory, and then melts with Love;
 Now

* *Fugiemus crebras vocalium concursiones, qua vastam atque
 biantem orationem reddunt. Cic. ad Herenn. lib. 4. Vide etiam
 Quintil. lib. 9. c. 4.*

† *Alexander's Feast, or the Power of Musick; An Ode by
 Mr. Dryden.*

Now his fierce Eyes with sparkling Fury glow,
 Now Sighs steal out, and Tears begin to flow:
Persians and *Greeks* like turns of Nature found,
 And the World's Victor stood subdu'd by Sound!
 The Po'wr of Musick all our Hearts allow;
 And what *Timotheus* was, is DRYDEN now.

Avoid *Extreams*; and shun the fault of such,
 Who still are pleas'd too little, or too much.
 At ev'ry Trifle scorn to take Offence,
 That always shows great Pride, or little Sense.
 Those Heads, as Stomachs, are not sure the best,
 Which nauseate all, and nothing can digest.
 Yet let not each gay Turn thy Rapture move,
 For Fools Admire, but Men of Sense Approve;
 As things seem large which we thro' Mists descry,
 Dulness is ever apt to Magnify.

Some the *French* Writers, some our own despise;
 The *Ancients* only, or the *Moderns* prize.
 (Thus Wit, like Faith, by each Man is apply'd
 To one small Sect, and all are damn'd beside.)
 Meanly they seek the Blessing to confine,
 And force that Sun but on a part to shine,
 Which not alone the Southern Wit sublimed,
 But ripens Spirits in cold Northern Climes;
 Which from the first has shone on Ages past,
 Enlightens the present, and shall warm the last;
 (Tho' each may feel Increases and Decays,
 And see now clearer and now darker Days)
 Regard not then if Wit be Old or New,
 But blame the False, and value still the True.

Some ne'er advance a Judgment of their own,
 But catch the spreading Notion of the Town;
 They reason and conclude by *Precedent*,
 And own stale Nonsense which they ne'er invent.

Some

Some judge of Author's Names, not Works, and then
 Nor praise nor damn the Writings, but the men.
 Of all this servile Herd the worst is He
 That in proud Dulness joins with Quality,
 A constant Critick at the Great-man's Board,
 To fetch and carry Nonsense for my Lord.
 What woful stuff this Madrigal wou'd be,
 In some starv'd Hackny Soneteer, or me!
 But let a Lord once own the happy Lines,
 How the Wit brightens! How the Style refines!
 Before his sacred Name flies ev'ry Fault,
 And each exalted Stanza teems with Thought!

The Vulgar thus through *Imitation* err;
 As oft the Learn'd by being *Singular*;
 So much they scorn the Crowd, that if the Throng
 By chance go right, they purposely go wrong:
 So Schismatics the plain Believers quit,
 And are but damn'd for having too much Wit.

Some praise at Morning what they blame at Night;
 But always think the last Opinion right.
 A Muse by these is like a Mistress us'd,
 This hour she's idoliz'd, the next abus'd;
 While their weak Heads, like Towns unfortify'd,
 Twixt Sense and Nonsense daily change their side.
 Ask them the Cause; They're wiser still, they say;
 And still to-morrow's wiser than to-day.
 We think our Fathers Fools, so wise we grow;
 Our wiser Sons, no doubt, will think us so.
 Once School-Divines this zealous Isle o'erspread;
 Who knew most Sentences was deepest read;
 Faith, Gospel, All, seem'd made to be disputed,
 And none had Sense enough to be Confuted:
Scotists and *Thomists*, now, in Peace remain,
 Amidst their kindred Cobwebs in *Duck-Lane*.
 If Faith it self has diff'rent Dresses worn,

What

What wonder Modes in Wit shou'd take their turn?
 Oft, leaving what is natural and fit,
 The currant Folly proves our ready Wit.
 And Authors think their Reputation safe,
 Which lives as long as Fools are pleas'd to laugh.

Some valuing those of their own side, or mind,
 Still make themselves the Measure of Mankind;
 Fondly we think we honour Merit then,
 When we but praise our selves in other men.
Parties in Wit attend on those of State,
 And publick Faction doubles private Hate.
 Pride, Malice, Folly, against DRYDEN rose,
 In various Shapes of Parsons, Criticks, Beaus;
 But Sense surviv'd, when merry Jests were past;
 For rising Merit will buoy up at last.
 Might he return, and bless once more our Eyes,
 New S.....s and new M.....ns must arise.
 Nay shou'd great HOMER lift his awful head,
Zoilus again would start up from the dead,
 Envy will Merit, as its Shade, pursue;
 But like a Shadow, proves the Substance too.
 For envy'd Wit like *Sol* eclips'd, makes known
 Th' opposing body's grossness, not its own.
 When first that Sun too powerful Beams displays,
 It draws up Vapours which obscure its Rays;
 But ev'n those Clouds at last adorn its way,
 Reflect new Glories, and augment the day.

Be thou the *first* true Merit to befriend,
 His Praise is lost, who stays till all commend.
 Short is the date, alas! of Modern Rhymes,
 And 'tis but just to let 'em live betimes.
 No longer now that Golden Age appears,
 When Patriarch-Wits surviv'd a thousand Years;
 Now length of Fame (our second Life) is lost,
 And bare Threescore is all ev'n that can boast:

Our Sons their Father's failling Language see,
 And such as CHAUCER is, shall DRYDEN be.
 So when the faithful Pencil has design'd
 Some fair Idea of the Master's mind,
 Where a new World leaps out at his command,
 And ready Nature waits upon his hand;
 When the ripe Colours soften and unite,
 And sweetly melt into just Shade and Light,
 When mellowing Time does full perfection give,
 And each bold Figure just begins to live;
 The treach'rous Colours in few years decay,
 And all the bright Creation fades away!

Unhappy Wit, like most mistaken things,
 Atones not for that Envy which it brings.
 In Youth alone its empty praise we boast,
 But soon the short-liv'd vanity is lost!
 Like some fair Flow'r that in the Spring does rise,
 And gaily blooms, but ev'n in blooming dies.
 What is this Wit which does our cares employ?
 The Owner's Wife, that other Men enjoy;
 'Tis most our trouble when 'tis most admir'd;
 The more we give, the more is still requir'd:
 The Fame with pains we gain, but lose with ease;
 Sure some to vex, but never all to please;
 'Tis what the Vicious fear, the Virtuous shun;
 By Fools 'tis hated, and by Knaves undone!

Too much does Wit from Ign'rance undergo,
 Ah let not Learning too commence its Foe!
 Of old, those met Rewards who cou'd excell,
 And such were prais'd as but endeavour'd well.
 Tho' Triumphs were to Gen'als only due,
 Crowns were reserv'd to grace the Soldiers too.
 Now, they who reach Parnassus' lofty crown,
 Employ their pains to spurn some others down;
 And while self-love each jealous Writer rules,

Con-

Contending Wits become the sport of Fools.
 But still the worst with most regret commend;
 For each ill Author is as bad a Friend.
 To what base ends, and by what abject ways,
 Are Mortals urg'd by sacred lust of Praise?
 Ah ne'er so dire a thirst of Glory boast,
 Nor in the Critick let the Man be lost!
 Good Nature and Good-Sense must ever join;
 To err is humane; to forgive, Divine.
 But if in noble minds some dregs remain,
 Not yet purg'd off, of spleen and sow'r disdain,
 Discharge that rage on more provoking crimes,
 Nor fear a dearth in these flagitious times.
 No pardon vile Obscenity should find,
 Tho' Wit and Art conspire to move your mind;
 But Dullness with Obscenity must prove
 As shameful sure as Impotence in Love.
 In the fat Age of Pleasure, Wealth, and Ease,
 Sprung the rank weed, and thriv'd with large increa-
 When Love was all an easie Monarch's care; [se;
 Seldom at Council, never in a War:
 Jilts rul'd the State, and Statesmen Farces writ;
 Nay Wits had Pensions, and young Lords had Wit:
 The Fair sat panting at a Courtier's Play,
 And not a Mask went un-improv'd away:
 The modest Fan was lifted up no more,
 And Virgins smil'd at what they blush'd before....
 The following licence of a foreign Reign
 Did all the dregs of bold *Socius* drain;
 Then first the *Belgian* Morals were extoll'd;
 We their Religion had, and they our Gold:
 Then unbelieving Priests reform'd the Nation,
 And taught more pleasant methods of Salvation;
 Where Heav'n's free Subjects might their Rights dispute
 Lest God himself shou'd seem too absolute. [te;
 Pulpits their Sacred Satire learn'd to spare,
 And Vice admir'd to find a Flatt'rer there!

Encourag'd thus, Wit's *Titans* brav'd the Skies,
 And the Press groan'd with licenc'd Blasphemies...
 These Monsters! Criticks, with your Dartsengage,
 Here point your Thunder, and exhaust your Rage.
 Yet shun their Fault, who, scandalously nice,
 Will needs mistake an Author into Vice:
 All seems infected that th' infected spy,
 As all looks yellow to the jaundic'd Eye.

Learn then what *Morals* Criticks ought to show;
 For 'tis but half a Judge's task, to know.
 'Tis not enough, Wit, Art, and Learning join;
 In all you speak, let Truth and Candor shine:
 That not alone what to your Judgment's due,
 All may allow; but seek your Friendship too.

Be silent always when you doubt your sense:
 And speak, tho' sure, with seeming diffidence.
 Some positive, persisting Fops we know,
 That, if once wrong, will needs be always so:
 But you, with pleasure own your errors past,
 And make each day a critick on the last.

'Tis not enough your counsel still be true;
 Blunt Truths more mischief than nice Fals-hoods do.
 Men must be taught as if you taught them not;
 And things ne'er known propos'd as things forgot.
 Without good breeding, Truth is not approv'd;
 That only makes Superior Sense belov'd.

Be niggards of advice on no pretence;
 For the worst Avarice is that of Sense.
 With mean Complacence ne'er betray your Trust,
 Nor be so Civil as to prove Unjust:
 Fear not the Anger of the Wise to raise;
 Those best can bear Reproof, who merit Praise.

'Twere

'Twere well, might Criticks still this freedom take;
 But *Appius* reddens at each word you speak,
 And stares, tremendous, with a threatening Eye,
 Like some fierce Tyrant in old Tapestry!
 Fear most to tax an Honourable Fool,
 Whose right it is, uncensur'd to be dull;
 Such without Wit are Poets when they please,
 As without Learning they can take Degrees.
 Leave dang'rous Truths to unsuccessful Satyrs,
 And Flattery to fulsome Dedicators, [more;
 Whom, when they praise, the World believes no
 Than when they promise to give scribbling o'er.
 'Tis best sometimes your Censure to restrain,
 And charitably let the Dull be Vain.
 Your silence there is better than your spite,
 For who can rail so long as they can write?
 Still humming on, their drowzy course they keep,
 And lash'd so long, like Tops, are lash'd asleep.
 False steps but help them to renew the race,
 As after stumbling, Jades will mend their pace.
 What crouds of these, impenitently bold,
 In sounds and jingling syllables grown old,
 Still run on Poets, in a frantick Vein,
 Ev'n to the dregs and squeezings of the Brain;
 Strain out the last, dull droppings of their sense,
 And rhyme with all the rage of Impotence!

Such shameless Bards we have; and yet 'tis true,
 There are as mad, abandon'd Criticks too.

* The Bookful Blockhead, ignorantly read,
 With loads of Learned Lumber in his head,
 With his own tongue still edifies his ears,
 And always list'ning to himself appears.

B 3

All

* *Nihil peius est illi, qui paululum aliquid ultra primas litteras progressi, falsam sibi scientia persuasionem induerunt: Nam & cedere præcipiendi peritis indignantur, & velut jure quodam potestatis, quo fere hoc hominum genus intumescit, imperiosi, atque interim savientes, stultitiam suam perdocent. Quintil. lib. 1. c. 1.*

All Books he reads, and all he reads assails,
 From DRYDEN'S Fables down to *Dursey's* Tales;
 With him, most Authors steal their works, or buy;
 GARTH did not write his own *Dispensary*.
 Name a new Play, and he's the Poet's Friend
 Nay show'd his faults.... but when wou'd Poets mend?
 No place so sacred from such Fops is barr'd, [yard:
 Nor is *Paul's Church* more safe than *Paul's Church*.
 Nay, fly to Altars; there they'll talk you dead;
 For Fools rush in where Angels fear to tread.
 Distrustful Sense with modest caution speaks:
 It still looks home, and short excursions makes;
 But ratling Nonsense in full volleys breaks;
 And never shock'd, and never turn'd aside,
 Bursts out, resistless with a thund'ring Tyde!

But where's the Man, who Counsel can bestow,
 Still pleas'd to teach, and yet not proud to know?
 Unbias'd, or by Favour, or by Spite;
 Not dully prepossess'd, or blindly right;
 Tho' learn'd well-bred; and tho' well-bred sincere;
 Modestly bold, and humanly severe?
 Who to a Friend his faults can freely show,
 And gladly praise the Merit of a Foe?
 Blest with a taste exact, yet unconfin'd;
 A knowledge both of Books and Humankind;
 Gen'rous converse; a Soul exempt from Pride;
 And love to praise, with Reason on his side?

Such once were Criticks; such the happy few,
Athens and *Rome* in better Ages knew.
 The mighty STAGYRITE first left the shore,
 Spread all his sails, and durst the deeps explore;
 He steer'd securely, and discover'd far,
 Led by the light of the *Mæonian* Star.
 Poets, a Race long unconfin'd and free,

Still

Still fond and proud of savage Liberty,
 Receiv'd his Laws; and stood convinc'd 'twas fit
 Who conquer'd Nature, shou'd preside o'er Wit.

HORACE still charms with graceful Negligence,
 And without Method talks us into Sense,
 Does like a Friend, familiarly convey
 The truest notions in the easiest way.
 He, who supream in Judgment, as in Wit,
 Might boldly censure, as he boldly writ,
 Yet judg'd with coolness tho' he sung with fire;
 His Precepts teach but what his Works inspire.
 Our Criticks take a contrary extream,
 They judge with Fury, but they write with Fle'me:
 Nor suffers HORACE more in wrong Translations
 By Wits, than Criticks in as wrong Quotations.

See * DIONYSIUS HOMER's thoughts refine,
 And call new beauties forth from ey'ry line!

Fancy and Art in gay PETRONIUS please,
 The Scholar's learning, with the Courtier's ease.

In grave QUINTILIAN's copious Work we find
 The justest Rules, and clearest Method join'd.
 Thus useful Arms in Magazines we place,
 All rang'd in order, and dispos'd with grace;
 Nor thus alone the curious eye to please,
 But to be found, when need requires, with ease.

The Muses sure LONGINUS did inspire,
 And blest their Critick with a Poet's Fire.
 An ardent Judge, who zealous in his trust,
 With warmth gives Sentence, yet is always Just;
 Whose own Example strengthens all his Laws,
 And is himself that great *Sublime* he draws.

B 4

Thus

* Dionysius of Halicarnassus.

Thus long succeeding Criticks justly reign'd,
 Licence repress'd, and useful Laws ordain'd.
Learning and *Rome* alike in Empire grew,
 And Arts still follow'd where her Eagles flew.
 From the same Foes, at last, both felt their doom,
 And the same Age saw *Learning* fall, and *Rome*.
 With Tyranny, then Superstition join'd,
 As that the body, this enslav'd the mind;
 Much was believ'd, but little understood,
 And to be dull was constru'd to be good:
 A second Deluge *Learning* thus o'er-run,
 And the *Monks* finish'd what the *Goths* begun.

At length *ERASMUS*, that great, injur'd Name,
 (The glory of the Priesthood, and the shame!)
 Stemm'd the wild torrent of a barb'rous Age,
 And drove those holy *Vandals* off the Stage.

But see! each Muse, in *LEO's* golden days,
 Starts from her trance, and trims her wither'd Bays!
Rome's ancient *Genius*, o'er its Ruins spread,
 Shakes off the dust, and rears his rev'rend head!
 Then Sculpture and her Sister-Arts revive;
 Stones leap'd to form, and Rocks began to live;
 With sweeter notes each rising Temple rung;
 A *RAPHAEL* painted, and a * *VIDA* sung!
 Immortal *VIDA*! on whose honour'd brow
 The Poet's Bays and Critick's Ivy grow:
Cremona now shall ever boast thy Name,
 As next in place to *Mantua*, next in Fame!

But soon by Impious Arms from *Latium* chas'd,
 Their ancient bounds the banish'd Muses past;
 Thence Arts o'er all the Northern World advance;
 But

* *M. Hieronymus Vida*, of *Cremona*, an excellent Latin Poet, who writ an *Art of Poetry in Verse*. He flourish'd in the time of *Leo the Tenth*.

But Critic Learning flourish'd most in *France*.
 The Rules, a Nation born to serve, obeys,
 And *BOILEAU* still in right of *HORACE* sways.
 But we, brave *Britains*, foreign Laws despis'd,
 And kept unconquer'd, and unciviliz'd;
 Fierce for the Liberties of Wit, and bold,
 We still defy'd the *Romans*, as of old.
 Yet some there were, among the sounder few
 Of those who less presum'd, and better knew,
 Who durst assert the juster Ancient Cause,
 And here restor'd Wit's Fundamental Laws.
 Such was *ROSCOMMON* not more learn'd
 than good,
 With Manners gen'rous as his noble blood;
 To him the Wit of *Greece* and *Rome* was known,
 And ev'ry Author's Merit, but his own.
 Such late was *WALSH*, the Muses Judge and
 Friend,
 Who justly knew to blame or to commend;
 To failings mild, but zealous for desert;
 The clearest head, and the sincerest heart.
 This humble Praise, lamented Shade! receive,
 This Praise at least a grateful Muse may give!
 The Muse, whose early voice you taught to sing,
 Prescrib'd her heights, and prun'd her tender Wing,
 (Her Guide now lost) no more attempts to rise,
 But in low Numbers short excursions tries.
 Content, if hence th'unlearn'd their wants may view,
 The learn'd reflect on what before they knew.
 Careless of Censure, nor too fond of Fame,
 Still pleas'd to praise, yet not afraid to blame,
 Averse alike to flatter, or offend,
 Not free from faults, nor yet too vain to mend.

F I N I S.

THE
TEMPLE
OF
FAME:
A
VISION.

By Mr. POPE.



LONDON.
Printed for T. JOHNSON.

Anno M. DCC. XVI.

Advertisement.

THe Hint of the following Piece was taken from Chaucer's House of Fame. The Design is in a manner entirely alter'd, the Descriptions and most of the particular Thoughts my own: Yet I could not suffer it to be printed without this Acknowledgment, or think a Concealment of this nature the less unfair for being common. The Reader who would compare this with Chaucer, may begin with his Third Book of Fame, there being nothing in the Two first Books that answers to their Title.





T H E
T E M P L E
O F
F A M E.

IN that soft season when descending show-
[wers
Call forth the Greens , and wake the
rising Flowers ;
When opening Buds salute the welcome
day ,

And Earth relenting feels the Genial Ray ;
As balmy Sleep had charm'd my cares to rest ,
And Love it self was banish'd from my breast ,
(What time the morn mysterious Visions brings ;
While purer Slumbers spread their golden wings)
A Train of Phantoms in wild order rose ,
And, join'd , this intellectual Scene compose.

[Skies ;
I stood , methought , betwixt Earth , Seas , and
The whole Creation open to my Eyes :
In Air self-ballanc'd hung the Globe below ,
Where Mountains rise , and circling Oceans flow ;
Here naked rocks , and empty wastes were seen ,
There tow'ry Cities , and the Forests green :

Here

Here failing Ships delight the wand'ring eyes;
 There Trees, and intermingl'd Temples rise:
 Now a clear Sun the shining Scene displays,
 The transient Landscape now in Clouds decays:
 O'er the wide Prospect as I gaz'd around,
 Sudden I heard a wild promiscuous Sound,
 Like broken Thunders that at distance roar,
 Or Billows murm'ring on the hollow Shoar:
 Then gazing up, a glorious Pile beheld,
 Whose tow'ring Summit ambient Clouds conceal'd:
 High on a Rock of Ice the Structure lay,
 Steep its Ascent, and slipp'ry was the Way;
 The wond'rous Rock like *Parian* Marble shone,
 And seem'd to distant sight of solid stone.
 Inscriptions here of various Names I view'd,
 The greater part by hostile Time subdu'd;
 Yet wide was spread their Fame in Ages past,
 And Poets once had promis'd they should last.
 Some fresh engrav'd appear'd of Wits renown'd;
 I look'd again, nor cou'd their Trace be found.
 Criticks I saw, that others Names deface,
 And fix their own with labour in their place:
 Their own like others soon their place resign'd,
 Or disappear'd, and left the first behind.
 Nor was the work impair'd by Storms alone,
 But felt th' approaches of too warm a Sun;
 For Fame, impatient of extremes, decays
 Not more by Envy than excess of Praise.
 Yet Part no Injuries of Heav'n cou'd feel,
 Like Crystal faithful to the graving Steel:
 The Rocks high Summit, in the Temple's shade,
 Nor Heat could melt, nor beating Storm invade.
 There Names inscrib'd unnumber'd Ages past
 From Time's first birth, with Time it self shall last;
 These ever new, nor subject to decays,
 Spread, and grow brighter with the length of days

So *Zembla's* Rocks (the beauteous work of Frost)
 Rise white in Air, and glitter o'er the coast;
 Pale Suns, unfelt, at distance roll away,
 And on th' impassive Ice the Lightnings play:
 Eternal Snows the growing mass supply,
 Till the bright Mountains prop th'incumbent Sky:
 As *Atlas* fix'd, each hoary Pile appears,
 The gather'd Winter of a thousand Years.

On this Foundation *Fame's* high Temple stands;
 Stupendous Pile! not rear'd by mortal hands.
 Whate'er proud *Rome*, or artful *Greece* beheld;
 Or elder *Babylon*, its Frame excell'd.
 Four Faces had the Dome, and ev'ry Face
 Of various Structure, but of equal Grace:
 Four brazen Gates, on Columns lifted high,
 Salute the different Quarters of the Sky.
 Here Fabled Chiefs in darker Ages born,
 Or Worthys old, whom Arms or Arts adorn,
 Who Cities rais'd, or tam'd a monstrous Race;
 The fourfold Walls in breathing Statues grace.
 Heroes in animated Marble frown,
 And Legislators seem to think in Stone.

Westward, a sumptuous Frontispiece appear'd,
 On Doric Pillars of white Marble rear'd,
 Crown'd with an Architrave of antique mold,
 And Sculpture rising on the roughen'd Gold.
 In shaggy Spoils here *Theseus* was beheld,
 And *Perseus* dreadful with *Minerva's* Shield:
 There great *Alcides* stooping with his toil,
 Rests on his Club, and holds th' *Hesperian* Spoil.
 Here *Orpheus* sings; Trees moving to the Sound
 Start from their roots, and form a Shade around:
Amphion there the loud creating Lyre
 Strikes, and beholds a sudden *Thebes* aspire;
Cybaron's Echoes answer'd to his call,

And

And half the Mountain roll'd into a Wall :
 There might you see the length'ning Spires ascend,
 The Domes swell up, the widening Arches bend,
 The growing Tow'rs like Exhalations rise,
 And the huge Columns heave into the Skies.

The Eastern Front was glorious to behold,
 With Diamond flaming, and *Barbaric* Gold.
 There *Ninus* shone, who spread th' *Assyrian* Fame,
 And the Great Founder of the *Persian* Name :
 There in long Robes the Royal *Magi* stand,
 Grave *Zoroaster* waves the circling Wand :
 The sage *Chaldeans* rob'd in white appear'd,
 And *Brachmans* deep in desert Woods rever'd.
 These stop'd the Moon, and call'd th'unbody'd Shades
 To midnight Banquets in the glimmering glades;
 Made visionary Fabricks round them rise,
 And airy Spectres skim before their eyes;
 Of *Talismans* and *Sigils* knew the pow'r,
 And careful watch'd the Planetary hour.
 Superior, and alone, *Confucius* stood,
 Who taught that useful Science, to be good.

But on the South a long Majestic Race
 Of *Ægypt's* Priests the gilded Niches grace,
 Who measur'd Earth, describ'd the Starry Spheres,
 And trac'd the long Records of Lunar Years.
 High on his Car *Sesostris* struck my view,
 Whom scepter'd Slaves in golden harness drew :
 His hands a Bow and pointed Jav'lin hold,
 His giant limbs are arm'd in scales of Gold.
 Between the Statues Obelisks were plac'd,
 And the learn'd Walls with Hieroglyphics grac'd.

Of Gothic Structure was the Northern side,
 O'er-wrought with ornaments of barb'rous Pride.
 There huge Colosses rose, with Trophies crown'd,
 And

And *Runic* Characters were grav'd around :
 There sate *Zamolxis* with erected eyes ;
 And *Odin* here in mimic Trances dies.
 There , on rude Iron Columns smear'd with blood,
 The horrid forms of *Scythian* Heroes stood ,
Druids and *Bards* (their once loud Harps unstrung)
 And Youths that dy'd to be by Poets sung.
 These and a thousand more of doubtful Fame ,
 To whom old Fables gave a lasting Name ,
 In Ranks adorn'd the Temples outward Face ;
 The Wall in Lustre and effect like Glas ,
 Which o'er each Object casting various dies ,
 Enlarges some , and others multiplies.
 Nor void of Emblem was the mystic Wall ,
 For thus Romantick Fame increases all.

The Temple shakes , the sounding Gates unfold ,
 Wide Vaults appear , and Roofs of fretted Gold :
 Rais'd on a thousand Pillars , wreath'd around
 With Lawrel-Foliage , and with Eagles crown'd :
 Of bright , transparent Beryl were the Walls ,
 The Freezes Gold , and Gold the Capitals :
 As Heaven with Stars , the Roof with Jewels glows ,
 And ever living Lamps depend in Rows.
 Full in the Passage of each spacious Gate
 The sage Historians in white Garments wait ;
 Grav'd o'er their seats the Form of *Time* was found ,
 His Scythe revers'd , and both his Pinions bound.
 Within , stood Heroes who thro' loud Alarms
 In bloody Fields pursu'd Renown in Arms.
 High on a Throne with Trophies charg'd , I view'd
 The *Youth* that all things but himself subdu'd ;
 His Feet on Sceptres and *Tiaras* trod ,
 And his horn'd Head express'd the *Lybian* God.
 There *Cesar* , grac'd with both *Minervas* , shone ;
Cesar , the World's great Master , and his own ;

Unmov'd, superior still in every state;
 And scarce detested in his Country's Fate.
 But chief were those who not for Empire fought,
 But with their toils their People's safety bought:
 High o'er the rest *Epaminondas* stood;
Timoleon, glorious in his Brother's Blood;
 And *Scipio*, Saviour of the Roman State;
 Great in his Triumphs, in Retirement great.

Here too the Wise and Good their Honours claim,
 Much-suff'ring Heroes, of less noisy Fame,
 Fair Virtue's silent Train: Supreme of these
 Here ever shines the Godlike *Socrates*.
 Here triumphs he whom *Athens* did expell,
 In all things Just, but when he sign'd the Shell.
 Here his abode the martyr'd *Phocion* claims,
 With *Agis*, not the last of Spartan Names:
 Unconquer'd *Cato* shews the Wound he tore,
 And *Brutus* his ill Genius meets no more.

But in the Centre of the hallow'd Quire
 Six pompous Columns o'er the rest aspire;
 Around the Shrine it self of Fame they stand,
 Hold the chief Honours, and the Fane command.
 High on the first, the mighty *Homer* shone;
 Eternal Adamant compos'd his Throne;
 Father of Verse! in holy Fillets drest,
 His Silver Beard wav'd gently o'er his Breast;
 Tho' blind, a Boldness in his Looks appears,
 In Years he seem'd, but not impair'd by Years.
 The Wars of *Troy* were round the Pillar seen:
 Here fierce *Tydid* wounds the Cyprian Queen:
 Here *Hector* glorious from *Patroclus*' Fall,
 Here dragg'd in Triumph round the Trojan Wall.
 Motion and Life did ev'ry part inspire,
 Bold was the Work, and prov'd the Master's Fire;
 A strong Expression most he seem'd to affect;
 And here and there disclos'd a brave Neglect.

A Golden Column next in Rank appear'd,
 On which a Shrine of purest Gold was rear'd;
 Finish'd the whole, and labour'd ev'ry part,
 With patient Touches of unweary'd Art.
 The *Mantuan* there in sober Triumph sat,
 Compos'd his posture, and his look sedate;
 On *Homer* still he fix'd a reverend Eye,
 Great without Pride, in modest Majesty.
 In living Sculpture on the sides were spread
 The *Latian* Wars, and haughty *Turnus* dead;
Eliza stretch'd upon the fun'ral Pyre;
Aeneas berding with his aged Sire;
Troy flam'd in burnish'd Gold; and o'er the Throne
Arms and the Man in Golden Cyphers shone.

Four Swans sustain a Carr of Silver bright,
 With Heads advanc'd, and Pinions stretch'd for Flight;
 Here, like some furious Prophet, *Pindar* rode,
 And seem'd to labour with th' inspiring God.
 A-cross the Harp a careless hand he flings,
 And boldly sinks into the sounding Strings.
 The figur'd Games of *Greece* the Column grace,
Neptune and *Jove* survey the rapid Race:
 The Youths hang o'er their Chariots as they run;
 The fiery Steeds seem starting from the Stone;
 The Champions in distorted Postures threat,
 And all appear'd Irregularly great.

Here happy *Horace* tun'd th' *Ausonian* Lyre
 To sweeter Sounds, and temper'd *Pindar's* Fire;
 Pleas'd with *Alcaeus* manly Rage t'infuse
 The softer Spirit of the *Sapphick* Muse.
 The polish'd Pillars different Sculptures grace;
 A Work outlasting Monumental Brass.
 Here smiling *Loves* and *Bacchanals* appear,
 The *Julian* Star and Great *Augustus* here.
 The Doves that round the Infant Poet spread
 Myrtles and Bays, hung hov'ring o'er his Head.

Here in a Shrine that cast a dazzling light;
 Sate fix'd in thought the mighty *Stagyrite*;
 His Sacred Head a radiant Zodiack crown'd,
 And various Animals his sides surround;
 His piercing Eyes, erect, appear to view
 Superior Worlds, and look all Nature thro'.

With equal Rays immortal *Tully* shone,
 The *Roman Rostra* deck'd the Consul's Throne:
 Gath'ring his flowing Robe, he seem'd to stand,
 In Act to speak, and graceful, stretch'd his Hand:
 Behind, *Rome's Genius* waits with *Civic Crowns*,
 And the Great Father of his Country owns.

These massie Columns in a Circle rise,
 O'er which a pompous Dome invades the Skies:
 Scarce to the Top I stretch'd my aking sight,
 So large it spread, and swell'd to such a height,
 Full in the midst, proud *Fame's* Imperial Seat
 With Jewels blaz'd, magnificently great;
 The vivid Em'ralsd there revive the eye;
 The flaming Rubies shew their sanguine dye;
 Bright azure rays from lively Saphirs stream,
 And lucid Amber casts a Golden Gleam.
 With various-colour'd Lights the Pavement shone,
 And all on fire appear'd the glowing Throne;
 The Dome's high Arch reflects the mingled Blaze,
 And forms a Rainbow of alternate rays.
 When on the *Goddeß* first I cast my sight,
 Scarce seem'd her Stature of a Cubit's height,
 But swell'd to larger size, the more I gaz'd,
 Till to the Roof her tow'ring Front she rais'd.
 With her, the Temple ev'ry Moment grew,
 And ampler *Vistas* open'd to my View,
 Upward the Columns shoot, the Roofs ascend,
 And Arches widen, and long Iles extend.

Such

Such was her Form, as antient Bards have told,
 Wings raise her Arms, and Wings her Feet infold;
 A thousand busy Tongues the Goddess bears,
 And thousand open Eyes, & thousand list'ning Ears.
 Beneath, in Order rang'd, the tuneful Nine
 (Her Virgin Handmaids) still attend the Shrine:
 With Eyes on Fame for ever fix'd, they sing;
 For Fame they raise the Voice, and tune the String.
 With Time's first birth began the Heav'nly Lays,
 And last eternal thro' the length of days.

Around these Wonders as I cast a Look,
 The Trumpet sounded, and the Temple shook,
 And all the Nations, summon'd at the call,
 From diff'rent quarters fill the crowded Hall:
 Of various Tongues the mingled sounds were heard;
 In various Garbs promiscuous throngs appear'd;
 Thick as the Bees, that with the Spring renew
 Their flow'ry toils, and sip the fragrant dew,
 When the wing'd Colonies first tempt the sky,
 O'er dusky fields and shaded waters fly;
 Or settling, seize the sweets the Blossoms yield,
 And a low murmur runs along the field.
 Millions of suppliant Crowds the Shrine attend,
 And all Degrees before the Goddess bend;
 The Poor, the Rich, the Valiant, and the Sage,
 And boasting Youth, and narrative old Age.
 Their Pleas were diff'rent, their Request the same;
 For Good and Bad alike are fond of Fame.
 Some she disgrac'd and some with Honours crown'd,
 Unlike Successes equal Merits found.
 Thus her blind Sister, fickle *Fortune* reigns,
 And undiscerning, scatters Crowns and Chains.

First at the Shrine the Learned World appear,
 And to the Goddess thus prefer their Prayer:

Long have we sought t'instruct and please Mankind,
 With Studies pale, with midnight vigils blind;
 But thank'd by few, rewarded yet by none,
 We here appeal to thy superior Throne:
 On Wit and Learning the just Prize bestow,
 For *Fame* is all we must expect below.

The Goddess heard, and bade the Muses raise
 The Golden Trumpet of eternal Praise;
 From Pole to Pole the Winds diffuse the sound,
 That fills the circuit of the World around;
 Not all at once, as Thunder breaks the Cloud;
 The Notes at first were rather sweet than loud;
 By just degrees they ev'ry moment rise,
 Fill the wide Earth, and gain upon the Skies.
 At ev'ry breath were balmy odours shed,
 Which still grew sweeter as they wider spread;
 Less fragrant scents th' unfolding Rose exhales,
 Or Spices breathing in *Arabian* gales.

Next these the Good and Just, an awful Train,
 Thus on their knees address'd the sacred Fane.
 Since living Virtue is with Envy curst,
 And the best Men are treated like the worst,
 Do thou, just Goddess, call our Merits forth.
 And give each deed th'exact intrinsic worth.
 Not with bare Justice shall your Act be crown'd,
 (Said *Fame*) but high above Desert renown'd;
 Let fuller Notes th'applauding World amaze,
 And the loud Clarion labour in your praise.

This Band dismiss'd, behold another Crowd
 Prefer'd the same Request, and lowly bow'd,
 The constant tenour of whose well spent days
 No less deserv'd a just return of Praise.
 But strait the direful Trump of Slander sounds,
 Thro' the big Dome the doubling Thunder bounds;
 Loud

Loud as the burst of Cannon rends the Skies,
The dire Report thro' ev'ry Region flies:
In ev'ry ear incessant Rumours rung,
And gath'ring Scandals grew on ev'ry tongue.
From the black Trumpet's rusty concave broke
Sulphureous Flames, and Clouds of rolling Smoke:
The pois'nous Vapor blots the purple Skies.
And withers all before it as it flies.

A Troop came next, who Crowns & Armour wore,
And proud Defiance in their looks they bore:
For thee (they cry'd) amidst Alarms and Strife,
We sail'd in Tempests down the stream of Life;
For thee whole Nations fill'd with Flames and Blood,
And swam to Empire thro' the purple Flood.
Those Ills we dar'd thy Inspiration own,
And all that Virtue seem'd was done for thee alone.
Ambitious Fools! (the Queen reply'd, and frown'd)
Be all your Acts in dark Oblivion crown'd;
There sleep forgot, with mighty Tyrants gone,
Your Statues moulder'd, and your Names unknown.
A sudden Cloud strait snatch'd them from my sight,
And each Majestic Phantom sunk in Night.

Then came the smallest Tribe I yet had seen,
Plain was their Dress, and modest was their Mein.
Great Idol of Mankind! we neither claim
The Praise of Merit, nor aspire to Fame;
But safe in desarts from th' Applause of Men,
Would die unheard of, as we liv'd unseen.
'Tis all we beg thee, to conceal from sight
Those acts of goodness, which themselves requite.
O let us still the secret joy partake,
To follow Virtue ev'n for Virtue's sake.

And live there Men who slight immortal Fame?
 Who then with Incense shall adore our Name?
 But, Mortals know, 'tis still our greatest pride,
 To blaze those Virtues which the Good would hide.
 Rise! Muses, rise! add all your tuneful breath;
 These must not sleep in Darkness and in Death.
 She said: in Air the trembling Musick floats,
 And up the Winds triumphant swell the Notes;
 So soft, tho high, so loud, and yet so clear,
 Ev'n list'ning Angels lean'd from Heaven to hear:
 To farthest Shores th' Ambrosial Spirit flies,
 Sweet to the World, and grateful to the Skies.

Next these a youthful Train their Vows exprest,
 With Feathers crown'd, with gay Embroid'ry drest;
 Hither, they cry'd, direct your eyes, and see
 The Men of Pleasure, Dress, and Gallantry:
 Ours is the Place at Banquets, Balls and Plays;
 Sprightly our nights, polite are all our days.
 Courts we frequent, where 'tis our pleasing care
 To pay due Visits, and address the Fair.
 In fact, 'tis true, no Nymph we cou'd persuade,
 But still in fancy vanquish'd ev'ry Maid.
 Of unknown Dutchesses leud tales we tell,
 Yet would the World believe us, all were well.
 The Joy let others have, and we the Name,
 And what we want in Pleasure, grant in Fame,

The Queen assents, the Trumpet rends the Skies,
 And at each Blast a Lady's Honour dies.

Pleas'd with the strange Success, vast numbers prest
 Around the Shrine, and made the same request.
 What you (she cry'd) unlearn'd in arts to please,
 Slaves to your selves, and ev'n fatigu'd with ease,
 Who lose a length of undeserving days;
 Would you usurp the Lovers dear-bought Praise?

To

To just Contempt, ye vain Pretenders; fall,
The Peoples fable, and the scorn of all
Strait the black Clarion sends a horrid sound,
Loud Laughs burst out, and bitter Scoffs fly round,
Whispers were heard, with Taunts reviling loud,
And scornful Hisses ran thro all the Crowd.

Last, those who boast of mighty Mischiefs done,
Enslave their Country, or usurp a Throne;
Or who their Glory's dire Foundation laid,
On Sovereigns ruin'd, or on Friends betray'd;
Calm thinking Villains, whom no Faith can fix,
Of crooked Counsels and dark Politicks;
Of these a gloomy Tribe surround the Throne,
And beg to make th'immortal Treasons known.
The Trumpet roars, long flaky Flames expire,
With Sparks, that seem'd to set the World on fire.
At the dread sound, pale Mortals stood aghast,
And startled Nature trembled with the Blast.

This having heard and seen, some Pow'r unknown
Strait chang'd the Scene, & snatch'd me from the
Before my View appear'd a Structure fair, [Throne:
Its Site uncertain, if in Earth or Air.
With rapid motion turn'd the Mansion round;
With ceaseless noise the ringing Walls resound.
Not less in number were the spacious Doors,
Than leaves on trees, or sands upon the shores;
Which still unfolded stand, by night, by day,
Pervious to Winds, and open ev'ry way.
As Flames by nature to the Skies ascend,
As weighty bodies to the Center tend,
As to the Sea returning Rivers roll,
And the touch'd Needle trembles to the Pole:
Hither, as to their proper place, arise
All various Sounds from Earth, and Seas, and Skies,

Or spoke aloud, or whisper'd in the ear;
 Nor ever Silence, Rest or Peace is here.
 As on the smooth expanse of Chrystal Lakes,
 The sinking stone at first a circle makes;
 The trembling surface, by the motion stir'd,
 Spreads in a second Circle, then a third;
 Wide, and more wide, the floating rings advance,
 Fill all the wat'ry plain, and to the margin dance.
 Thus ev'ry Voice and Sound, when first they break,
 On neighb'ring Air a soft Impression make;
 Another ambient Circle then they move,
 That, in its turn, impels the next above;
 Thro undulating Air the Sounds are sent,
 And spread o'er all the fluid Element.

There various News I heard: of Love and Strife,
 Of Peace & War, Health, Sicknes, Death, & Life;
 Of Loss and Gain, of Famine and of Store,
 Of Storms at Sea, and Travels on the Shore;
 Of Prodigies, and Portents seen in Air,
 Of Fires and Plagues, and Stars with blazing hair;
 Of turns of Fortune, changes in the State,
 The falls of Fav'rites, Projects of the Great;
 Of old Mismanagements, Taxations new
 All neither wholly false, nor wholly true.

Above, below, without, within, around,
 Confus'd, unnumber'd multitudes are found,
 Who pass, repass, advance, and glide away;
 Hosts rais'd by Fear, and Phantoms of a day.
 Astrologers, that future Fates foretell,
 Projectors, Quacks, and Lawyers not a few:
 And Priests and Party-Zealots, num'rous bands
 With home-born Lyes, or Tales from foreign lands;
 Each talk'd aloud, or in some secret place,
 And wild Impatience star'd in ev'ry face:

The

The flying Rumours gather'd as they roll'd,
 Scarce any Tale was sooner heard than told;
 And all who told it, added something new,
 And all who heard it, made enlargements too,
 In ev'ry ear it spread, on ev'ry tongue it grew.
 Thus flying East and West, and North and South,
 News travel'd with Increase from Mouth to Mouth;
 So from a Spark, that kindled first by chance,
 With gath'ring forcethe quick'ning Flames advance;
 Till to the Clouds their curling heads aspire,
 And Tow'rs and Temples sink in Floods of Fire.

When thus ripe Lyes are to perfection sprung,
 Full grown, and fit to grace a mortal tongue,
 Thro thousand vents, impatient forth they flow,
 And rush in Millions on the world below.
 Fame sits aloft, and points them out their course,
 Their Date determines, and prescribes their Force:
 Some to remain, and some to perish soon,
 Or wane and wax alternate like the Moon.
 Around a thousand winged Wonders fly,
 Born by the Trumpet's blast, & scatter'd thro the sky.

There, at one Passage, oft you might survey
 A Lye and Truth contending for the way;
 And long 'twas doubtful, both so closely pent,
 Which first should issue thro the narrow vent:
 At last agreed, together out they fly,
 Inseparable now, the Truth and Lye;
 The strict Companions are for ever join'd,
 And this or that unmix'd, no Mortal e'er shall find.

While thus I stood, intent to see and hear,
 One came, methought, and whisper'd in my ear;
 What cou'd thus high thy rash Ambition raise?
 Art thou, fond Youth, a Candidate for Praise?

'Tis

44 THE TEMPLE OF FAME.

'Tis true, said I, not void of hopes I came,
 For who so fond as youthful Bards of Fame?
 But few, alas! the casual Blessing boast,
 So hard to gain, so easy to be lost:
 How vain that second Life in others breath,
 Th' Estate which Wits inherit after Death!
 Ease, Health, and Life, for this we must resign,
 (Unsure the Tenure, but how vast the Fine!)
 The Great Man's Curse without the Gains endure,
 Be envy'd, wretched, and be flatter'd poor;
 All luckless Wits our Enemies profess,
 And all successful, jealous Friends at best.
 Nor Fame I slight, nor for her Favours call;
 She comes unlook'd for, if she comes at all:
 But if the purchase costs so dear a price,
 As soothing Folly, or exalting Vice:
 Oh! if the Muse must flatter lawless Sway,
 And follow still where Fortune leads the way;
 Or if no Basis bear my rising Name,
 But the fall'n ruins of another's Fame:
 Then teach me Heaven! to scorn the guilty Bays;
 Drive from my breast that wretched Lust of Praise:
 Unblemish'd let me live, or die unknown;
 Oh grant an honest Fame, or grant me none!



NOTES.

NOTES.

SOME modern Criticks, from a pretended refinement of Taste, have declar'd themselves unable to relish Allegorical Poems. 'Tis not easy to penetrate into the meaning of this Criticism; for if Fable be allow'd one of the chief Beauties, or as Aristotle calls it, the very Soul of Poetry, 'tis hard to comprehend how that Fable should be the less valuable for having a Moral. The Antients constantly made use of Allegories: My Lord Bacon has compos'd an express Treatise in proof of this, entitled, The Wisdom of the Antients; where the Reader may see several particular Fictions exemplify'd and explain'd with great clearness, Judgment and Learning. The Incidents indeed, by which the Allegory is convey'd, must be vary'd, according to the different Genius or Manners of different Times: and they should never be spun too long, or too much clog'd with trivial circumstances, or little particularities. We find an uncommon Charm in Truth, when it is convey'd by this side-way to our Understanding; and 'tis observable, that even in the most ignorant Ages this way of writing has found reception. Almost all the Poems in the old Provençal had this turn; and from these it was that Petrarch took the Idea of his Poetry. We have his Trionfi in this kind; and Boccace pursu'd in the same Track. Soon after Chaucer introduc'd it here, whose Romaunt of the Rose, Court of Love, Flower and the Leaf, House of Fame, and some others of his Writings are Master-Pieces of this sort. In Epick Poetry,

try, 'tis true, too nice and exact a pursuit of the Allegory is justly esteem'd a Fault; and Chaucer had the discernement to avoid it in his Knight's Tale, which was an Attempt towards an Epick Poem. Ariosto, with less judgment, gave intirely into it in his Orlando; which tho carry'd to an Excess, had yet so much Reputation in Italy, that Tasso (who reduc'd Heroick Poetry to the juster Standard of the Antients) was forc'd to prefix to his Work a scrupulous Explanation of the Allegory of it, to which the Fable it-self could scarce have directed his Readers. Our Country-man Spencer follow'd, whose Poem is almost intirely allegorical, and imitates the manner of Ariosto rather than that of Tasso. Upon the whole, one may observe this sort of writing (however discontinu'd of late) was in all times so far from being rejected by the best Poets, that some of them have rather err'd by insisting on it too closely, and carrying it too far: And to infer from thence that the Allegory it-self is vicious, is a presumptuous Contradiction to the Judgment and Practice of the greatest Genius's, both antient and modern.

Pag. 31. ver. 1. So Zembla's Rocks, &c.

Tho a strict Verisimilitude be not requir'd in the Descriptions of this visionary and allegorical kind of Poetry, which admits of every wild Object that Fancy may present in a Dream, and where it is sufficient if the moral Meaning atone for the Improbability: Yet Men are naturally so desirous of Truth, that a Reader is generally pleas'd, in such a case, with some Excuse or Allusion that seems to reconcile the Description to Probability and Nature. The Simile here is of that sort, and renders it not wholly unlikely that a Rock of Ice should remain for ever, by mentioning something like it in the Northern Regions,

gions, agreeing with the Accounts of our modern Travellers.

P. 31. ver. 13. Four Faces had the Dome, &c.

The Temple is describ'd to be square, the four Fronts with open Gates facing the different Quarters of the World, as an intimation that all Nations of the Earth may alike be receiv'd into it. The Western Front is of Grecian Architecture: the Dorick Order was peculiarly sacred to Heroes and Warriors. Those whose Statues are here mention'd, were the first Names of old Greece in Arms and Arts.

Pag. 31. ver. 29. There great Alcides, &c.

This Figure of Hercules is drawn with an eye to the Position of the famous Statue of Farnese.

Pag. 32. ver. 9. And the great Founder of the Persian Name.

Cyrus was the Beginner of the Persian, as Ninus was of the Assyrian Monarchy. The Magi and Chaldeans (the chief of whom was Zoroaster) employ'd their Studies upon Magick and Astrology, which was in a manner almost all the Learning of the ancient Asian People. We have scarce any Account of a moral Philosopher except Confucius, the great Lawgiver of the Chinese, who liv'd about two thousand Years ago.

Pag. 32. ver. 23. Egypt's Priests, &c.

The Learning of the old Egyptian Priests consisted for the most part in Geometry and Astronomy: They also preserv'd the History of their Nation. Their great-

greatest Hero upon Record is Sesostris, whose Actions and Conquests may be seen at large in Diodorus, &c. He is said to have caus'd the Kings he vanquish'd to draw him in his Chariot. The Posture of his Statue, in these Verses, is correspondent to the Description which Herodotus gives of one of this Prince's Statues remaining in his own time.

Pag. 32. ver. 32. Of Gothick Structure was the Northern Side.

The Architecture is agreeable to that part of the World. The Learning of the Northern Nations lay more obscure than that of the rest. Zamolxis was the Disciple of Pythagoras, who taught the Immortality of the Soul to the Scythians. Odin, or Woden, was the great Legislator and Hero of the Goths. They tell us of him that being subject to Fits, he persuaded his Followers, that during those Trances he receiv'd Inspirations from whence he dictated his Laws. He is said to have been the Inventor of the Runic Characters.

Pag. 33. ver. 6. Druids and Bards, &c.

These were the Priests and Poets of those People, so celebrated for their savage Virtue. Those heronick Barbarians accounted it a Dishonour to die in their Beds, and rush'd on to certain Death in the prospect of an After-Life, and for the Glory of a Song from their Bards in praise of their Actions.

Pag. 33. ver. 31. The Youth that all things but himself subdu'd.

Alexander the Great: The Tiara was the Crown peculiar to the Asian Princes; His Desire to be thought the

the Son of Jupiter Ammon caus'd him to wear the Horns of that God, and to represent the same upon his Coins, which was continu'd by several of his Successors.

Pag. 34. ver. 6. Timoleon glorious in his Brother's Blood.

Timoleon had sav'd the Life of his Brother Timophanes in the Battel between the Argives and Corinthians; but afterwards kill'd him when he affected the Tyranny, preferring his Duty to his Country to all the Obligations of Blood.

Pag. 34. ver. 13. ---He whom Athens did expel, In all things just, but when he sign'd the Shell.

Aristides, who for his great integrity was distinguish'd by the appellation of the Just. When his Countrymen would have banish'd him by the Ostracism, where it was the custom for every Man to sign the name of the Person he voted to exile in an Oyster-Shell; a Peasant, who could not write, came to Aristides to do it for him, who readily sign'd his own Name. Vide Plutarch. See the same Author of Phocion, Agis, &c.

Pag. 34. ver. 20. But in the Center of the hallow'd Quire, &c.

In the midst of the Temple, nearest the Throne of Fame, are plac'd the greatest Names in Learning of all Antiquity. These are describ'd in such Attitudes as express their different Characters. The Columns on which they are rais'd are adorn'd with Sculptures, taken from the most striking Subjects of their Works; which are so executed, as that the Sculpture bears a resemblance in its Manner and Character, to the Manner and Character of their Writings.

Pag. 35. ver. 15. Four Swans sustain, &c.

Pindar being seated in a Chariot, alludes to the Chariot-Races he celebrated in the Grecian Games. The

Swans are the Emblems of the Ode, as their soaring posture intimates the sublimity and activity of his Genius. Neptune presided over the Isthmian, and Jupiter over the Olympian Games.

Page 35. ver. 19. Pleas'd with Alcaeus' manly

Rage r' infuse

The softer Spirit of the Sapphic Muse.

This expresses the mixt Character of the Odes of Horace. The second of these Verses alludes to that Line of his:

Spiritum Graiæ tenuem Camenæ

As another which follows, to that,

Exegi Monumentum ære perennius.

The Action of the Doves hints at a Passage in the 4th Ode of his third Book,

Me fabulosæ Vulture in Appulo,

Altriciis extra limen Apuliz,

Ludo fatigatumque somno,

Frondè nova puerum Palumbes

Texere; mirum quod foret omnibus---

Ut tuto ab atris corpore viperis

Domirem & urtis: ut premerer sacro

Lauroque, collataque myrto,

Non sine Dis animosus infans.

Which may be thus english'd;

While yet a Child, I chanc'd to stray,

And in a Desert sleeping lay;

The savage Race withdrew, nor dar'd

To touch the Muses future Band:

But Cytherea's gentle Dove

Myrtles and Bays around me spread,

And crown'd your Infant Poet's head,

Sacred to Musick and to Love.



WIND.

WINDSOR-FOREST

To the Right Honourable

GEORGE Lord LANSDOWN.

By Mr. POPE.

*Non injussa cano: Te nostra, Vare, Myrica,
Te Nemus omne canet; nec Phœbo gratior ulla est
Quam sibi qua Vari præscripsit Pagina nomen. Virg.*



Hy Forests, Windsor! and thy green Retreats,
At once the Monarch's and the Muse's Seats
Invite my Lays. Be present, Sylvan Maids!
Unloek your Springs, and open all your
Shades.

Granville commands: Your Aid O Muses bring!
What Muse for Granville can refuse to sing?

The Groves of Eden, vanish'd now so long,
Live in Description, and look green in Song!
These, were my Breast inspir'd with equal Flame,
Like them in Beauty, should be like in Fame.
Here Hills and Vales, the Woodland and the Plain,
Here Earth and Water seem to strive again,
Not Chaos-like together crush'd and bruish'd,
But as the World, harmoniously confus'd:
Where Order in Variety we see,
And where, tho' all things differ, all agree.
Here waving Groves a checquer'd Scene display,
And part admit and part exclude the day;

D 2

As

As some coy Nymph her Lover's warm Address
 Nor quite indulges, nor can quite repress.
 There, interspers'd in Lawns and opening Glades,
 Thin Trees arise that shun each others Shades.
 Here in full light the russet Plains extend;
 There wrapt in Clouds the blueish Hills ascend:
 Ev'n the wild Heath displays her Purple Dies,
 And 'midst the Desert fruitful Fields arise,
 That crown'd with tufted Trees and springing Corn,
 Like verdant Isles the sable Waste adorn.
 Let *India* boast her Plants, nor envy we
 The weeping Amber, or the balmy Tree,
 While by our Oaks the precious Loads are born,
 And Realms commanded which those Trees adorn.
 Not proud *Olympus* yields a nobler sight,
 Tho' Gods assembled grace his tow'ring height,
 Than what more humble Mountains offer here,
 Where, in their blessings, all those Gods appear.
 See *Pan* with Flocks, with Fruits *Pomona* crown'd,
 Here blushing *Flora* paints th' enamel'd Ground;
 Here *Ceres*' Gifts in waving prospect stand,
 And nodding tempt the joyful Reaper's hand,
 Rich Industry sits smiling on the plains,
 And Peace and Plenty tell, a *STUART* reigns.

Not thus the Land appear'd in Ages past,
 A dreary Desert and a gloomy Waste,
 To savage Beasts and * savage Laws a Prey,
 And Kings more furious and severe than they:
 Who claim'd the Skies, dispeopled Air and Floods,
 The lonely Lords of empty Wilds and Woods.
 Cities laid waste, they storm'd the Dens and Caves
 (For wiser Brutes were backward to be Slaves)
 What could be free, when lawless Beasts obey'd,
 And ev'n the Elements a Tyrant sway'd?

* *The Forest Laws.*

In vain kind Seasons swell'd the reeming Grain,
 Soft show'rs distill'd, and Suns grew warm in vain;
 The Swain with tears to Beasts his labour yields,
 And famish'd dies amidst his ripen'd Fields.
 No wonder Savages or Subjects slain
 Were equal Crimes in a Despotick Reign;
 Both doom'd alike for sportive Tyrants bled,
 But Subjects starv'd while Savages were fed.
 Proud *Nimrod* first the bloody Chace began,
 A mighty Hunter, and his Prey was Man.
 Our haughty *Norman* boasts that barb'rous Name,
 And makes his trembling Slaves the Royal Game.
 The * Fields are faviſh'd from th' industrious Swains,
 From Men their Cities, and from Gods their Fanes:
 The levell'd Towns with Weeds lie cover'd o'er,
 The hollow Winds thro' naked Temples roar;
 Round broken Columns clasp'ing Ivy twin'd;
 O'er heaps of Ruins stalk'd the stately Hind;
 The Fox obscene to gaping Tombs retires,
 And Wolves with howling fill the sacred Quires.
 Aw'd by his Nobles, by his Commons curst,
 Th' Oppressor rul'd Tyrannick where he durst,
 Stretch'd o'er the Poor, and Church, his Iron Rod;
 And treats alike his Vassals and his God.
 Whom ev'n the *Saxon* spar'd, and bloody *Dane*,
 The wanton Victims of his Sport remain.
 But see the Man who spacious Regions gave
 A Waste for Beasts, himself deny'd a Grave!
 Strech'd on the Lawn his † second Hope survey,
 At once the Chaser and at once the Prey.
 Lo *Rufus*, tugging at the deadly Dart,
 Bleeds in the Forest, like a wounded Hart.
 Succeeding Monarchs heard the Subjects Cries,
 Nor saw displeas'd the peaceful Cottager rise.

D 3

Then

* Alluding to the New Forest, and the Tyrannies
 exercised there by William the First.

† Richard, second Son of William the Conqueror.

Then gath'ring Flockson unknown Mountrains fed,
 O'er sandy Wilds were yellow Harvests spread,
 The Forests wonder'd at th' unusual Grain,
 And secret transports touch'd the conscious Swain:
 Fair *Liberty*, *Britannia's* Goddeſs, rears
 Her chearful head, and leads the golden Years.

Ye vig'rous Swains! while youth ferments your blood,
 And purer Spirits ſwell the ſprightly flood,
 Now range the Hills, the thickeſt Woods beſet,
 Wind the ſhrill Horn, or ſpread the waving Net.
 When milder Autumn Summer's heat ſucceeds,
 And in the new-ſhorn Field the Partridge feeds,
 Before his Lord the ready Spaniel bounds,
 Panting with hope, he tries the furrow'd grounds,
 But when the tainted gales the Game betray,
 Couch'd cloſe he lyes, and meditates the Prey;
 Secure they truſt th' unfaithful Field, beſet,
 Till hov'ring o'er 'em ſweeps the ſwelling Net.
 Thus (if ſmall things we may with great compare)
 When *Albion* ſends her eager Sons to War,
 Pleas'd, in the Gen'ral's fight, the Hoſt lye down
 Sudden, before ſome unſuſpecting Town,
 The Young, the Old, one inſtant makes our Prize,
 And high in Air *Britannia's* Standard flies.

See! from the brake the whirring Pheasant ſprings,
 And mounts exulting on triumphant Wings;
 Short in his Joy! he feels the fiery Wound,
 Flutters in blood, and panting bears the ground.
 Ah! what avail his gloſſie, varying dyes,
 His Purple Creſt, and Scarlet-circled Eyes,
 The vivid Green his ſhining Plumes unfold;
 His painted Wings, and Breſt that flames with Gold?

Nor yet, when moiſt *Arcturus* clouds the Sky,
 The Woods and Fields their pleaſing toils deny.

To Plains with well-breath'd Beagles we repair,
 And trace the mazes of the circling Hare.
 (Beasts, taught by us, their fellow Beasts pursue,
 And learn of Man each other to undo.)
 With slaughter'd Gunst' unwear'd Fowler roves,
 When Frosts have whiten'd all the naked Groves;
 Where Doves in Flocks the leafless Trees o'er shade,
 And lonely Woodcocks haunt the wary Glade.
 He lifts the Tube, and levels with his Eye,
 Strait a short Thunder breaks the frozen Sky.
 Oft, as in Airy Rings they skim the Heath,
 The clam'rous Plovers feel the leaden Death:
 Oft as the mounting Larks their Notes prepare,
 They fall, and leave their little Lives in Air.

In genial Spring, beneath the quiv'ring shade,
 Where cooling Vapours breathe a long the Mead,
 The patient Fisher takes his silent stand
 Intent, his Angle trembling in his hand;
 With looks unmov'd, he hopes the Scaly Breed,
 And eyes the dancing Cork and bending Reed.
 Our plenteous Streams a various Race supply;
 The bright-ey'd Perch with Fins of Tyrian Dye,
 The silver Eel, in shining volumes roll'd,
 The yellow Carp, in Scales bedrop'd with Gold,
 Swift Trouts, diversify'd with Crimson Stains,
 And Pykes, the Tyrants of the wary Plains.

Now Cancer glows with Phœbus' fiery Car;
 The Youth rush eager to the Sylvan War;
 Swarm o'er the Lawns, the Forest Walks surround,
 Rowze the fleet Hart, and cheer the opening Hound.
 Th' impatient Courser pants in ev'ry vein,
 And pawing, seems to beat the distant Plain,
 Hills, Vales, and Floods appear already cross'd,
 And ere he starts, a thousand Steps are lost.

56 WINDSOR FOREST.

See! the bold Youth strain up the threatening Steep,
Rush thro' the Thickets, down the Vallies sweep,
Hang o'er their Coursers heads with eager Speed,
And Earth rolls back beneath the flying Steed.
Let old *Arcadia* boast her spacious Plain,
Th' Immortal Huntress, and her Virgin Train;
Nor envy *Windsor*! since thy Shades have seen
As bright a Goddess, and as chaste a Queen;
Whose care, like hers, protects the Sylvan Reign,
The Earth's fair Light, and Empress of the Main.

Here, as old Bards have sung, *Diana* stray'd,
Bath'd in the Springs, or sought the cooling Shade;
Here arm'd with Silver Bows, in early Dawn,
Her buskin'd Virgins trac'd the Dewy Lawn.
Above the rest a rural Nymph was fam'd,
Thy Offspring, *Tbames*! the fair *Lodona* nam'd;
(*Lodona's* Fate, in long Oblivion cast,
The Muse shall sing, and what she sings shall last)
Scarce could the Goddess from her Nymph be known,
But by the Crescent and the golden Zone.
She scorn'd the Praise of Beauty, and the care,
A Belt her Waste, a Fillet binds her Hair,
A painted Quiver on her Shoulder sounds,
And with her Dart the flying Deer she wounds.
It chanc'd, as eager of the Chace, the Maid
Beyond the Forest's verdant Limits stray'd,
• *Pan* saw and lov'd, and furious with Desire
Pursu'd her Flight; her Flight increas'd his Fire.
Not half so swift the trembling Doves can fly,
When the fierce Eagle cleaves the liquid Sky;
Not half so swiftly the fierce Eagle moves,
When thro' the Clouds he drives the trembling Doves;
As from the God with fearful Speed she flew,
As did the God with equal Speed pursue.
Now fainting, sinking, pale, the Nymph appears;
Now close behind his sounding steps she hears;

And

WINDSOR-FOREST. 57

And now his Shadow reach'd her as she run,
 (His Shadow lengthen'd by the setting Sun)
 And now his shorter Breath with sultry Air
 Pants on her Neck, and fans her parting Hair.
 In vain on Father *Thames* she calls for Aid,
 Nor could *Diana* help her injur'd Maid.
 Faint, breathless, thus she pray'd, nor pray'd in vain;
 „ Ah *Cynthia*! ah--tho' banish'd from thy Train,
 „ Let me, O let me, to the Shades repair,
 „ My native Shades--there weep, and murmur there.
 She said, and melting as in Tears she lay,
 In a soft silver Stream dissolv'd away.
 The silver Stream her Virgin Coldness keeps,
 For ever murmurs, and for ever weeps;
 Still bears the * Name the hapless Virgin bore,
 And bathes the Forest where she rang'd before:
 In her chaste current oft the Goddess laves,
 And with Celestial Tears augments the Waves.
 Oft in her Glass the musing Shepherd spies
 The headlong Mountains and the downward Skies,
 The watry Landskip of the pendant Woods,
 And absent Trees that tremble in the Floods;
 In the clear azure Gleam the Flocks are seen,
 And floating Forests paint the Waves with green.
 Thro' the fair Scene rowl flow the lingring Streams,
 Then foaming pour along, and rush into the *Thames*.

Thou too, great Father of the *British* Floods!
 With joyful Pride survey'ft our lofty Woods,
 Where tow'ring Oaks their spreading Honours rear,
 And future Navies on thy Banks appear.
 Not *Neptune*'s self from all his Floods receives
 A wealthier Tribute, than to thine he gives.
 No Seas so rich, so full no Streams appear,
 No Lake so gentle, and no Spring so clear,

* *The River Loddon.*

Not fabled *Pan* more swells the Poets Lays,
 While thro' the Skies his shining Current strays,
 Than thine, which visits *Windsor's* fam'd Abodes,
 To grace the Mansion of our earthly Gods.
 Nor all his Stars a brighter Lustre show,
 Than the fair Nymphs that gild thy Shore below:
 Here *Jove* himself, subdu'd by Beauty still,
 Might change *Olympus* for a nobler Hill.

Happy the Man whom this bright Court approves,
 His Sov'reign favours, and his Country loves.
 Happy next him who to these Shades retires,
 Whom Nature charms, and whom the Muse inspires,
 Whom humbler Joys of home-felt Quiet please,
 Successive Study, Exercise and Ease.
 He gathers Health from Herbs the Forest yields,
 And of their fragrant Physick spoils the Fields:
 With Chymic Art exalts the Min'ral Pow'rs,
 And draws the Aromatick Souls of Flow'rs.
 Now marks the Course of rolling Orbs on high;
 O'er figur'd Worlds now travels with his Eye.
 Of ancient Writ unlocks the learned Store,
 Consults the Dead, and lives past Ages o'er.
 Or wandering thoughtful in the silent Wood,
 Attends the Duties of the Wise and Good,
 To observe a Mean, be to himself a Friend,
 To follow Nature, and regard his End.
 Or looks on Heav'n with more than mortal Eyes,
 Bids his free Soul expatiate in the Skies,
 Amidst her kindred Stars familiar roam,
 Survey the Region, and confess her Home!
 Such was the Life great *Scipio* once admir'd,
 Thus *Atticus*, and *Trumbal* thus retir'd.

Ye sacred Nine! that all my Soul possess,
 Whose Raptures fire me, and whose Visions bless,
 Bear me, oh bear me to sequester'd Scenes
 Of Bow'ry Mazes and surrounding Greens;

To

To *Thames's* Banks which fragrant Breezes fill,
 Or where ye Muses sport on *Cooper's* Hill.
 (On *Cooper's* Hill eternal Wreaths shall grow,
 While lasts the Mountain, or while *Thames* shall flow)
 I seem thro' consecrated Walks to rove,
 And hear soft Musick dye along the Grove;
 Led by the Sound I roam from Shade to Shade,
 By God-like Poets venerable made:
 Here his first Lays Majestick *Denham* sung;
 There the last Numbers flow'd from **Cowley's* Tongue.
 O early lost! what Tears the River shed
 When the sad Pomp along his Banks was led?
 His drooping Swans on ev'ry Note expire,
 And on his Willows hung each Muse's Lyre.
 Since Fate relentless stop'd their Heav'nly Voice,
 No more the Forests ring, or Groves rejoice;
 Who now shall charm the Shades where *Cowley* strung
 His living Harp, and lofty *Denham* sung?
 But hark! the Groves rejoice, the Forest rings!
 Are these reviv'd? or is it *Granville* sings?

'Tis yours, my Lord, to bless our soft Retreats,
 And call the Muses to their ancient Seats,
 To paint anew the flow'ry Sylvan Scenes,
 To crown the Forests with Immortal Greens;
 Make *Windsor* Hills in lofty Numbers rise,
 And lift her Turrets nearer to the Skies;
 To sing those Honours you deserve to wear,
 And add new Lustre to her Silver Star
 Here noble † *Surrey* felt the sacred Rage,
Surrey, the *Granville* of a former Age:

Match-

* *Mr. Cowley* died at *Chertsey* on the Borders of the Forest, and was from thence convey'd to Westminster.

† *Henry Howard E. of Surrey*, one of the first Refiners of the English Poetry; famous in the Time of *Henry the VIIIth.* for his Sonnets, the Scene of many of which is laid at *Windsor*.

Matchless his Pen, victorious was his Lance;
 Bold in the Lifts, and graceful in the Dance:
 In the same Shades the *Cupids* tun'd his Lyre,
 To the same Notes, of Love, and soft Desire:
 Fair *Geraldine*, bright Object of his Vow,
 Then fill'd the Groves, as heav'nly *Myra* now.

Oh wou'dst thou sing what Heroes *Windsor* bore,
 What Kings first breath'd upon her winding Shore;
 Or raise old Warriors whose ador'd Remains
 In weeping Vaults her hallow'd Earth contains!
 With * *Edward's* Acts adorn the shining Page,
 Stretch his long Triumphs down thro' ev'ry Age;
 Draw Kings enchain'd; and *Cressi's* glorious Field,
 The Lillies blazing on the Regal Shield.
 Then, from her Roofs when *Verrio's* Colours fall,
 And leave inanimate the naked Wall;
 Still in thy Song shou'd vanquish' *France* appear,
 And bleed for ever under *Britain's* Spear.

Let softer Strains Ill-fated † *Henry* mourn,
 And Palms Eternal flourish round his Urn.
 Here o'er the Martyr-King the Marble weeps,
 And fast beside him, once-fear'd ‡ *Edward* sleeps;
 Whom not th' extended *Albion* could contain,
 From old *Belerium* to the *German* Main,
 The Grave unites; where ev'n the Great find rest,
 And blended lie th' Oppressor and th' Opprest!

Make sacred *Charles's* Tomb for ever known,
 (Obscure the Place, and uninscrib'd the Stone)
 Oh Fact accurst! What Tears has *Albion* shed,
 Heav'ns! what new Wounds, and how her old have bled
 She

* *Edward III. born here.*

† *Henry VI.*

‡ *Edward IV.*

She saw her Sons with purple Deaths expire,
 Her sacred Domes involv'd in rolling Fire.
 A dreadful Series of Intestine Wars,
 Inglorious Triumphs, and dis-honest Scars.
 At length great ANNA said—Let Discord cease!
 She said, the World obey'd, and all was Peace!

In that blest Moment, from his Oozy Bed
 Old Father *Thames* advanc'd his rev'rend Head.
 His Tresses dropt with Dews, and o'er the Stream
 His shining Horns diffus'd a golden Gleam:
 Grav'd on his Urn appear'd the Moon, that guides
 His swelling Waters, and alternate Tydes;
 The figur'd Streams in Waves of Silver roll'd,
 And on their Banks *Augusta* role in Gold,
 Around his Throne the Sea-born Brothers stood,
 That swell with Tributary Urns his Flood.
 First the fam'd Authors of his ancient Name,
 The winding *Isis*, and the fruitful *Tame*:
 The *Kennet* swift, for silver Eels renown'd;
 The *Loddon* flow, with verdant Alders crown'd:
Cole, whose clear Streams his flow'ry Islands lave;
 And chalky *Wey*, that rolls a milky Wave:
 The blue, transparent *Vandalis* appears;
 The gulphy *Lee* his sedgey Tresses rears:
 And sullen *Mole*, that hides his diving Flood;
 And silent *Darent*, stain'd with Danish Blood.

High in the midst, upon his Urn reclin'd,
 (His Sea green Mantle waving with the Wind)
 The God appear'd; he turn'd his azure Eyes
 Where *Windsor* Domes and pompous Turrets rise,
 Then bow'd and spoke; the Winds forget to roar,
 And the hush'd Waves glide softly to the Shore.

Hail Sacred *Peace*! hail long-expected Days,
 Which *Thame's* Glory to the Stars shall raise!

The

Tho' *Tyber's* Streams immortal *Rome* behold,
 Tho' foaming *Hermus* swells with Tydes of Gold,
 From Heav'n it self tho' sev'nfold *Nilus* flows,
 And Harvests on a hundred Realms bestows;
 These now no more shall be the *Muse's* Themes,
 Lost in my Fame, as in the Sea their Streams.
 Let *Volga's* Banks with Iron Squadrons shine,
 And Groves of Lances glitter on the *Rhine*;
 Let barb'rous *Ganges* arm a servile Train;
 Be mine the Blessings of a peaceful Reign.
 No more my Sons shall dye with *British* Blood
 Red *Iber's* Sands, or *Ister's* foaming Flood;
 Safe on my Shore each unmolested Swain
 Shall tend the Flocks, or reap the bearded Grain;
 The shady Empire shall retain no trace
 Of War or Blood, but in the Sylvan Chace.
 The Trumpets sleep, while chearful Horns are blown,
 And Arms employ'd on Birds and Beasts alone.
 Behold! th' ascending *Villas* on my side
 Project long Shadows o'er the Chrystal tyde.
 Behold! *Augusta's* glitt'ring Spires increase,
 And Temples rise, the beauteous works of Peace.
 I see, I see where two fair Cities bend
 Their ample Bow, a new *White-Hall* ascend!
 There mighty Nations shall inquire their Doom,
 The World's great Oracle in Times to come;
 There Kings shall sue, and suppliant States be seen
 Once more to bend before a *British* QUEEN.

Thy Trees, fair *Windsor*! now shall leave their Woods,
 And half thy Forests rush into my Floods,
 Bear *Britain's* Thunder, and her Cross display,
 To the bright Regions of the rising Day;
 Tempt icy Seas, where scarce the Waters roll,
 Where clearer Flames glow round the frozen Pole;
 Or under Southern Skies exalt their Sails,
 Led by new Stars and born by spicy Gales!

For

For me the Balm shall bleed, and Amber flow,
 The Coral redden, and the Ruby glow,
 The Pearly Shell its lucid Globe unfold,
 And *Phœbus* warm the ripening Ore to Gold.
 The Time shall come, when free as Seas or Wind
 Unbounded *Thames* shall flow for all Mankind,
 Whole Nations enter with each swelling Tyde,
 And Oceans join whom they did first divide;
 Earth's distant Ends our Glory shall behold,
 And the new World launch forth to seek the Old.
 Then Ships of uncouth Form shall stem the Tyde,
 And Feather'd People crowd my wealthy Side;
 While naked Youth and painted Chiefs admire
 Our Speech, our Colour, and our strange Attire!
 Oh stretch thy Reign, fair *Peace*! from Shore to Shore,
 Till Conquest cease, and Slavery be no more:
 Till the freed *Indians* in their native Groves
 Reap their own Fruits, and woo their Sable Loves;
Peru once more a Race of Kings behold,
 And other *Mexicos* be roof'd with Gold.
 Exil'd by thee from Earth to deepest Hell,
 In Brazen bonds shall barb'rous *Discord* dwell:
 Gigantick *Pride*, pale *Terror*, gloomy *Care*,
 And mad *Ambition*, shall attend her there.
 There purple *Vengeance* bath'd in Gore retires,
 Her Weapons blunted, and extinct her Fires:
 There hateful *Envy* her own Snakes shall feel,
 And *Persecution* mourn her broken Wheels.
 There *Faction* roars, *Rebellion* bites her Chain,
 And gasping Furies thirst for Blood in vain.

Here cease thy Flight, nor with unhallow'd Lays
 Touch the fair Fame of *Albion's* Golden Days.
 The thoughts of Gods let *Granville's* Verses recite,
 And bring the Scenes of opening Fate to light.
 My humble Muse, in unambitious Strains,
 Paints the green Forests and the flow'ry Plains,

Where

Where Peace descending bids her Olives spring,
 And scatters Blessings from her Dove-like Wing;
 Ev'n I more sweetly pass my careless Days,
 Pleas'd in the silent Shade with empty Praise;
 Enough for me, that to the listning Swains
 First in these Fields I sung the Sylvan Strains.



ODE for MUSICK,

ON

St. *CECILIA*'s Day.

By *Mr. POPE*.

I.

Descend ye Nine! descend and sing;
 The breathing Instruments inspire;
 Wake into Voice each silent String,
 And sweep the sounding Lyre!
 In a sadly-pleasing Strain
 Let the warbling Lute complain:
 Let the loud Trumpet sound,
 Till the Roofs all around
 The shrill Ecchos rebound:
 While in more lengthen'd Notes and slow,
 The deep, majestick, solemn Organs blow.
 Hark! the Numbers soft and clear,
 Gently steal upon the Ear;

Now

ODE FOR MUSICK.

65

Now louder, and yet louder rise,
And fill with spreading Sounds the Skies;
Exulting in Triumph now swell the bold Notes,
In broken Air, trembling, the wild Musick floats;
Till, by degrees, remote and small
The Strains decay,
And melt away
In a dying, dying Fall.

II.

By Musick Minds an equal Temper know,
Nor swell too high, nor sink too low.
If in the Breast tumultuous Joys arise,
Musick her soft, assuasive Voice applies;
Or when the Soul is press'd with Cares
Exalts her in enlivening Airs.
Warriors she fires with animated Sounds;
Pours Balm into the bleeding Lover's Wounds:
At Musick, *Melancholy* lifts her Head;
Dull *Morpheus* rowzes from his Bed;
Sloth from its Lethargy awakes,
And list'ning *Envy* drops her Snakes;
Intestine War no more our Passions wage,
Ev'n giddy *Factions* hear away their Rage.

III.

But when our Country's Cause provokes to Arms;
How martial Musick every Bosom warms!
So when the first bold Vessel dar'd the Seas,
High on the Stern the *Thracian* rais'd his Strain,
While *Argo* saw her kindred Trees
Descend from *Pelion* to the Main.
Transported Demi-Gods stood round,
And Men grew Heroes at the Sound,
Enflam'd with Glory's Charms:
Each Chief his sevenfold Shield display'd,
And half unsheath'd the shining Blade;
And Seas, and Rocks, and Skies rebound
To Arms, to Arms, to Arms!

E

IV.

IV.

But when thro' all th' Infernal Bounds
 Which flaming *Phlegeton* surrounds,
 Sad *Orpheus* fought his Consort lost;
 Th' Inexorable Gates were barr'd,
 And nought was seen, and nought was heard
 Around the dreary Coast,
 But dreadful Gleams,
 Dismal Screams,
 Fires that glow,
 Shrieks of Woe,
 Sullen Moans,
 Hollow Groans,
 And Cries of tortur'd Ghosts:
 But hark! he strikes the golden Lyre;
 And see! the tortur'd Ghosts respire,
 See shady Forms advance!
 Thy Stone, O *Sisyphus*, stands still;
Tiuxion rests upon his Wheel,
 And the pale Spectres dance!
 The Furies sink upon their Iron Beds,
 And Snakes uncurl'd hang list'ning round their Heads.

V.

By the Streams that ever flow,
 By the fragrant Winds that blow
 O'er th' *Elysian* Flowers,
 By those happy Souls who dwell
 In Yellow Meads of *Aspodel*,
 Or *Amaranthine* Bowers:
 By the Hero's armed Shades
 Glitt'ring thro' the gloomy Glades,
 By the Youths that dy'd for Love,
 Wandring in the Myrtle Grove,
 Restore, restore *Eurydice* to Life;
 Oh take the Husband, or return the Wife!

ODE FOR MUSICK.

67

He sung, and Hell consented
To hear the Poet's Pray'r ;
Stern *Proserpine* relented,
And gave him back the Fair.
Thus Song could prevail
O'er Death and o'er Hell,
A Conquest how hard and how glorious ?
Tho' Fate had fast bound her
With *Sisyx* nine times round her,
Yet Musick and Love were Victorious.

VI.

But soon, too soon, the Lover turns his Eyes :
Again she falls, again she dies, she dies !
How wilt thou now the fatal Sisters move ?
No Crime was thine, if tis no Crime to love.

Now under hanging Mountains,
Beside the Falls of Fountains,
Or where *Hebrus* wanders,
Rolling in *Meanders*,

All alone,
Unheard, unknown,
He makes his Moan ;
And calls her Ghost

For ever, ever, ever lost !
Now with Furies surrounded,
Despairing, confounded,
He trembles, he glows,
Amidst *Rhodope's* Snows :

See, wild as the Winds, o'er the Desert he flies ;
Hark ! *Hemus* resounds with the *Bacchanais* Cries--

--Ah see, he dies !

Yet ev'n in Death *Eurydice* he sung,
Eurydice still trembled on his Tongue,

Eurydice the Woods,

Eurydice the Floods,

Eurydice the Rocks and hollow Mountains rung:

VII.

VII.

Musick the fiercest Grievs can charm;
 And Fate's severest Rage disarm:
 Musick can soften Pain to Ease,
 And make Despair and Madness please:
 Our Joys below it can improve,
 And antedate the Bliss above.

This the Divine *Cecilia* found,
 And to her Maker's Praise confin'd the Sound.
 When the full Organ joins the tuneful Quire,
 The Immortal Pow'rs incline their Ear;
 Born on the swelling Notes our Souls aspire,
 While solemn Airs improve the sacred Fire;
 And Angels lean from Heav'n to hear!
 Of *Orpheus* now no more let Poets tell,
 To bright *Cecilia* greater Pow'r is giv'n;
 His Numbers rais'd a Shade from Hell,
 Hers lift the Soul to Heav'n.

FIN.